

A book of nonsense

I am free from my body

In my stupid life

I grind my feet to be closer to the ground



✦✦ English

English

Shulamith Weisz Quinn

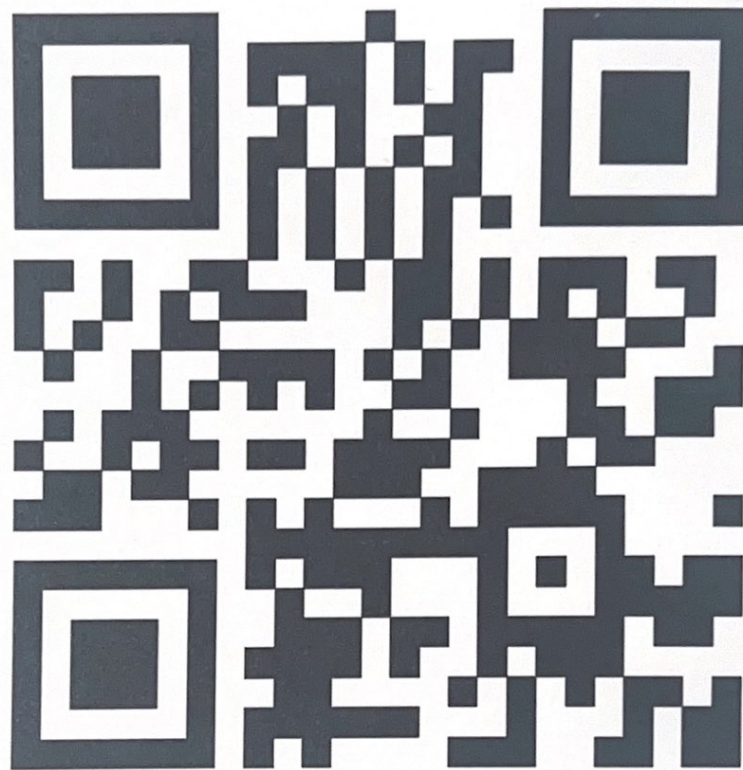
A Book of Nonsense

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used to wipe your ass without the

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<https://youtu.be/7JbFuqoGSvA>

As I turn to my grandfather I ask him, what is it like to be dead? I turn to my grandmother and ask her the same. I turn to my father and ask him the same. They can't answer my question. We go to an offset of reality and speak there. I squeeze words through the joints of the interface. I write as a speech bubble that exits my mouth and they respond as a screenshot of a translation.

I intervene

A conversation between family members

Cancellation and termination form

This conversation is over

Where will we be Google Translate

I don't have access to them

as an impossible practice

Like a deflated balloon

from the mouth and they react like this

Screenshot with translation.

WLAN

16:13

39 %



my exhibition text

Reply



Forward



Copy



Select



Info



Delete



“Time [...] is the time of a humanity that has lost all continuity with humanity, of a humanity that no longer knows anything nor remembers anything, that lives in nameless cities with nameless streets or streets with names different from the ones they had yesterday, because a name means continuity with the past and people without a past are people without a name.”



motherly, oil on polyester, 2023

the time of a
has lost all
humanity, of a
longer knows
remembers
in nameless
streets or
ent from
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The more the screenshot is scrutinised, the more it wavers. It is the progeny of a motion for memory which hides behind its ease of production and is therefore forgotten. A compound of screenshots is this: information took short cuts to express itself and is now illegible.



Hebrew



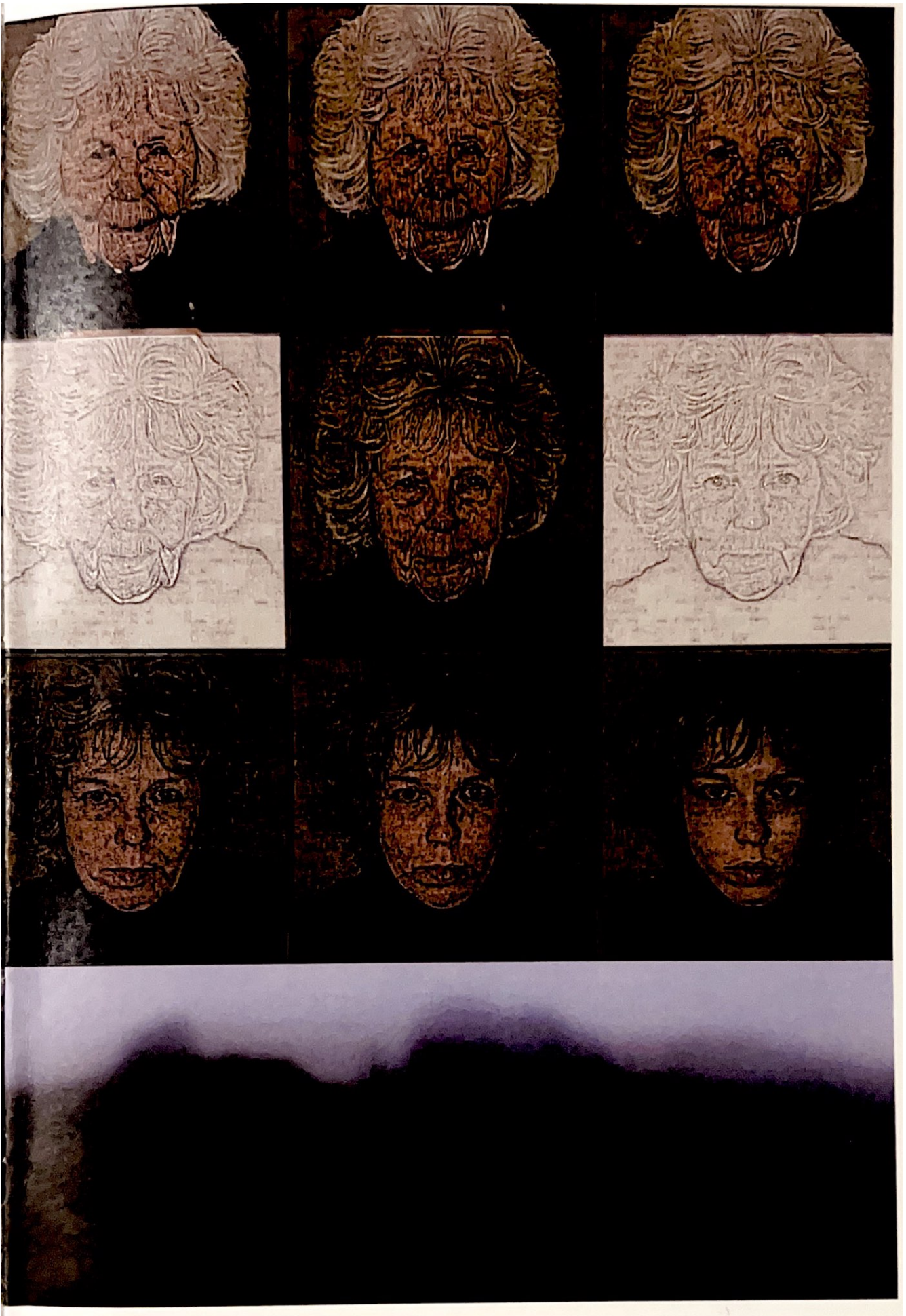
English



401144

At all you will not be able to understand

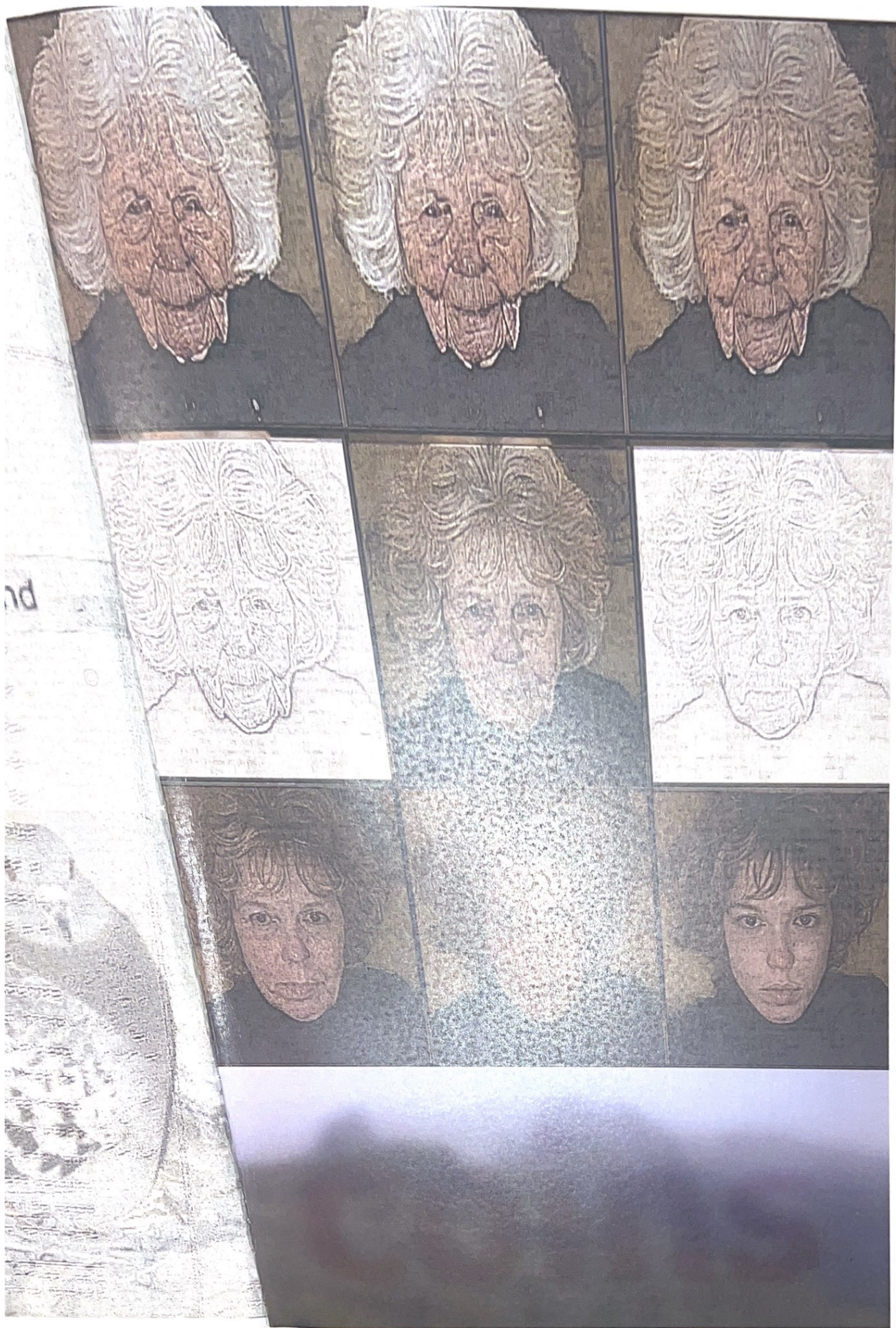
At all you will not be able to understand

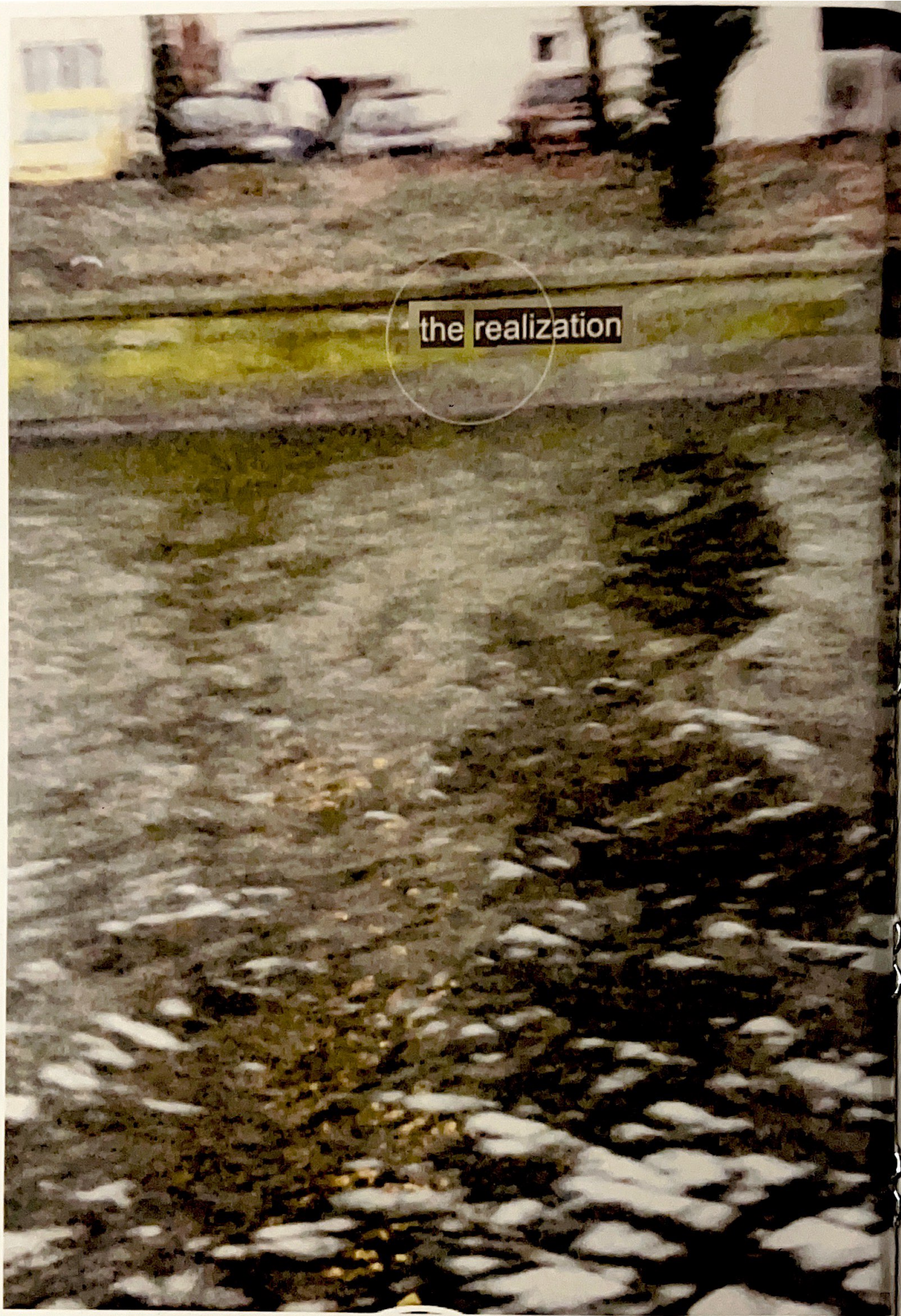




and so
the hidden things
build me down two days in a row
ignorance as I slip into lost thoughts
or the last sure ease

2



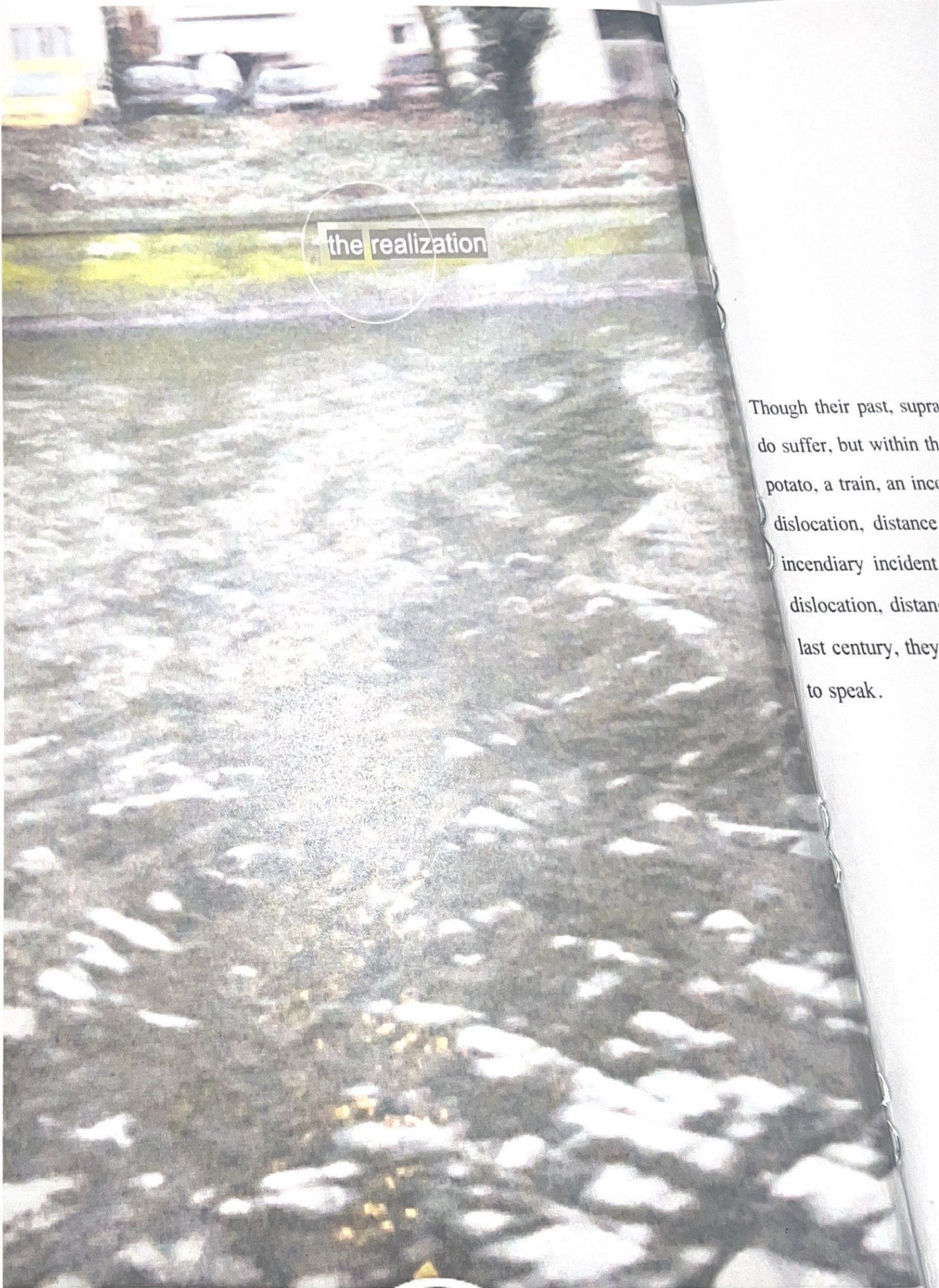


as distances between cells
autonomous nodes
no history

these may be absences
or things in the dark
which would reflect light were they shone upon
if they could be located in that vast expanse

though i desired their exposure
it must be assumed i feared it
too
and so

the hidden things that did not become more clear
stayed hidden for hiddenness-es sake

A photograph of a residential street covered in snow. In the background, a yellow fire truck is parked on the left side of the road. The street is lined with houses and trees. The foreground shows a snow-covered lawn with some patches of grass visible. A circular graphic element is overlaid on the image, containing the text "the realization".

the realization

Though their past, supra
do suffer, but within th
potato, a train, an ince
dislocation, distance
incendiary incident
dislocation, distan
last century, they
to speak.

Though their past, supra-personally speaking, is suffering, their present is not at all. They do suffer, but within the meat computer suffering is amenable. Not because of a laundry, a potato, a train, an incendiary incident, servitude, any book, etc, would they suffer, but from dislocation, distance, loss, forgetfulness and forgetting. A laundry, a potato, a train, an incendiary incident, servitude, a book, cannot for ever be held in mind! They become - dislocation, distance, loss, forgetfulness and forgetting. In this, despite the changes of the last century, they do connect to a heritage despite all attempts at suicide of this heritage, so to speak.



daughterly, oil on polyester, 2024

On
trai
wit
em:
star
hon
bet
nou
to a

daughter with fatherly, motherly, ephemera and daughterly (from left to right)



Only someone who is inwardly convinced of its impossibility can be a translator. A translator of themselves in all instances, they don't translate from one to the other but navigate within the lack of fitting words, a starved vocabulary which translates itself from one emaciated form to the other, not a self but a negotiation between muted selves. Within this starvation hollow have arisen the liberal daydream, the reactionary response, attempts at homeliness, disgusted rejections of homeliness, and so on, now shifting to inhabit the spaces between protruding ribs of starved initial aspects of an individual, themselves, which were not nourished sufficiently to grow to maturity and now speak with each other in lowered voices to approach that which could possibly be through that which they have - limited truths.



the ephemera of loss and distrust
screenprint and oil on canvas
2024



daughterly, oil on polyester, 2024

daughterly (2), 2024 ink and photosensitive paper on canvas





fatherly, oil on polyester velvet, 2024



fatherly, oil on polyester velvet, 2024

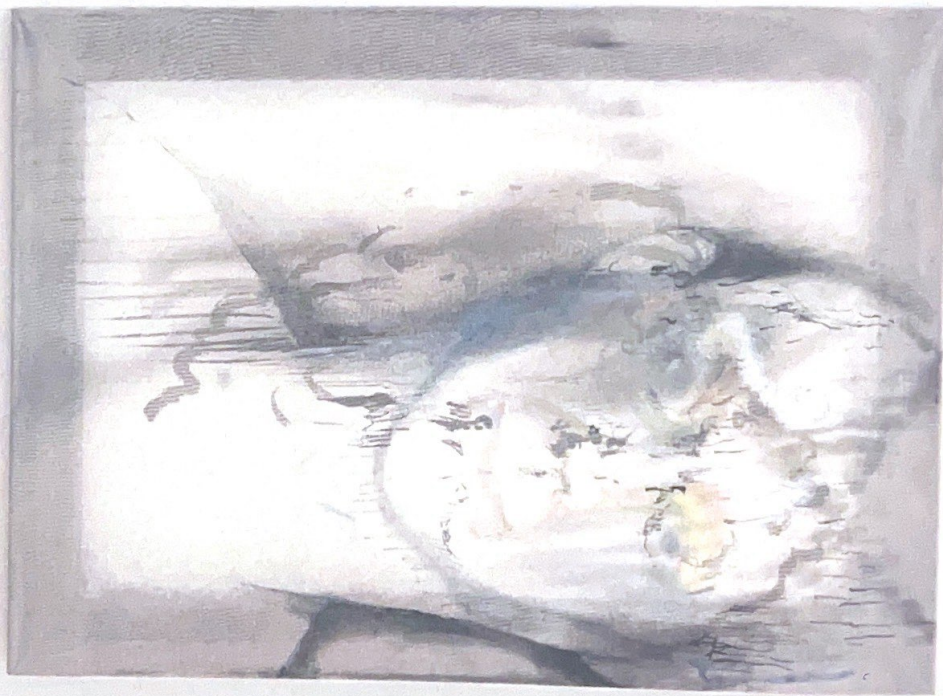


hysterically and grandfatherly
ink and oil on canvas, respectively



hysterically and grandfatherly
ink and oil on canvas, respectively
2023

ephemera of loss and distrust & brotherly, screenprint, oil and ink on canvas, 2024



1 Milan Kundera

“Time, in Kafka’s
writing, ...”

2 image: Josef Weiss,
from Tablet Mag



image of the author as an elderly lady